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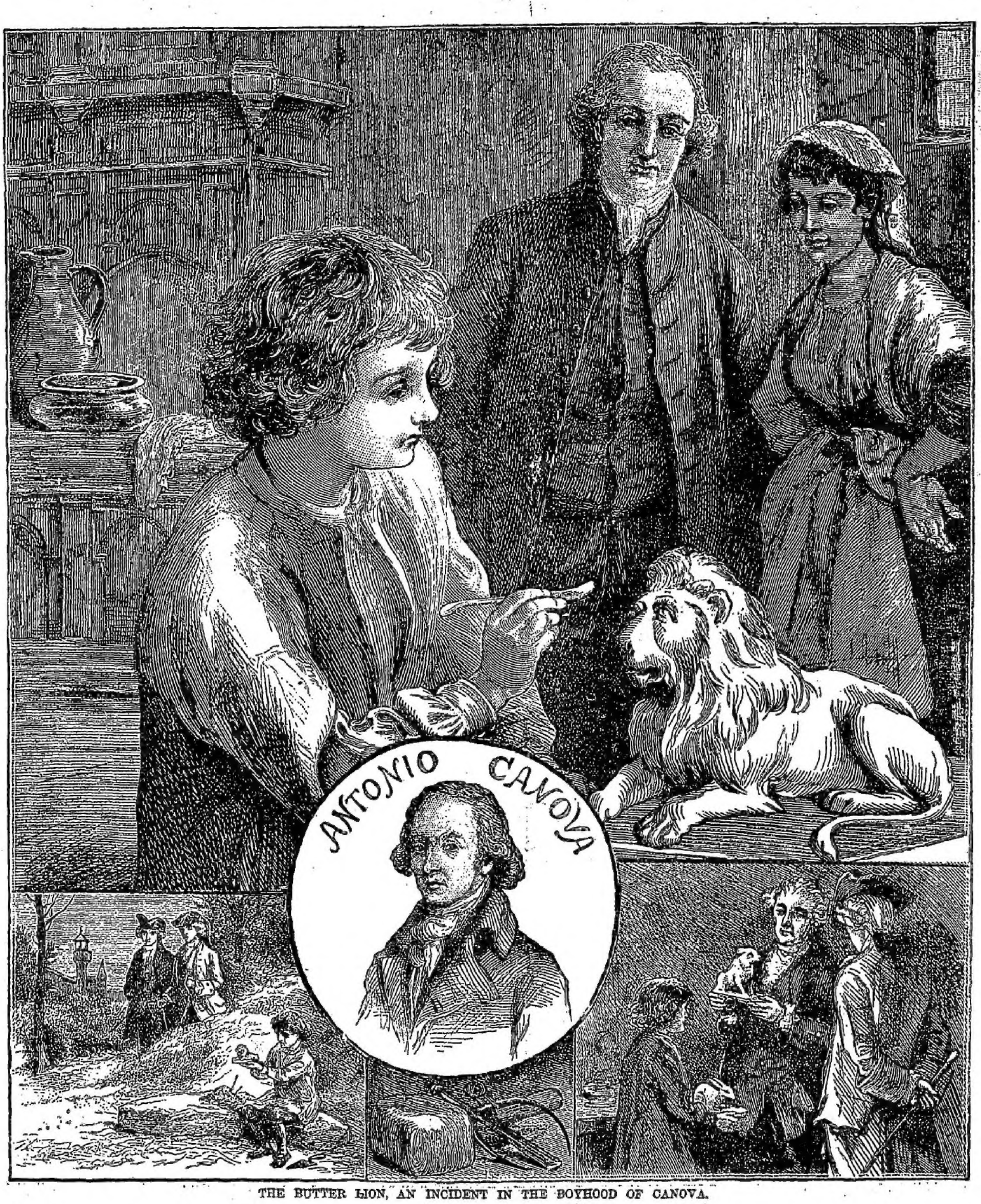


THE BUTTER LION, AN INCIDENT IN THE BOYHOOD OF CANOVA.

THE BUTTER LION.

BY MRS. C. E. BOWEN,

Author of "Jack the Conqueror," etc.

Amidst the mountains which are at no great distance from Venice is a village not much known to travellers, because it lies out of the direct line of railways, but which is worthy of a visit, both from its picturesque situation amongst hill and dale, chestnut trees and vineyards, and because it was the birthplace of an artist of world-wide renown.

Crowning the village on a high eminence stands a castle now falling into ruins, but which, in the middle of the last century, was the summer residence of the noble and wealthy Italian family of Faliero, their winter abode being a princely palace on the Grand Canal of Venice.

The Count de Faliero, who at that time was the owner of the Castle, was a man much beloved by the peasants of Possagno. Amongst the inhabitants was an elderly man named Pasino Canova, the stonemason of Possagno. He was very proud of his position as such, for it was looked on as hereditary, his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather having held it before him. He had had one great disappointment in life. His good wife Marina had given him a daughter, but no son to succeed him in his post as village stone-mason.

The trial was, however, softened to him when his daughter Louise married a distant cousin who bore the same name as himself, and though her husband died a year after their marriage, he left his young wife with a little son, who soon grew to be the pet and darling of his grandparents, and in whom was centred their hopes that the post of mason would not pass away from their family. His mother lived with her parents after her husband's death. When her boy was about seven years old, her hand was again sought in marriage by a man who was going to settle in Germany, which in those days was considered to be quite a far-away country. Now arose the question, What was to be done with the young Antonio?

"Leave the child with us, Louise," said her father. I shall teach him my trade, and he will be an honor to it, for already the little one watches every stroke I make, and longs to be at work himself."

There was some further discussion, and the result was that it was decided the boy should remain with his grandparents. For the next few years Antonio's days were passed between the cure's house, his grandfather's workshop, and a certain beloved spot beside a bed of clay in a wood not far from his home. Here were two large, flat-headed stones. One served him for a seat, the other for a table on which to work the clay into every variety of shape and form that his fancy suggested. He was about eleven years old, when the village was thrown into excitement by hearing that the Count de Faliero was going to give a grand banquet to a number of nobles on the day on which his son would come of age.

For some days all was bustle, but at length the anxious steward had the satisfaction of seeing that everything was completed. The long banqueting table was set out in the great hall, decorated with plate and flowers. One ornament only remained to be placed in the centre, and this was a beautifully executed marble lion in a recumbent attitude, the crest of the Faliero family. It always graced the board on festive occasions. But alas! as a young footman lifted it from its place on the sideboard, and was crossing the hall to put it into the hands of the steward, who stood waiting to receive it, the servant's foot slipped on the polished marble floor, and the ornament was broken into several pieces! The steward was very angry, and the youth terrified. What was to be done?

In this dilemma the steward thought of Pasino, the stone-cutter. He knew him to be an ingenious man, and hoped he might be able to extemporize something to put on the pedestal. Accordingly he was sent for, and soon obeyed the summons, Antonio accompanying him, for the boy was curious to get a sight of what was going on in the Castle. Pasino was at once taken into the banqueting hall and told of the disaster. He shook his head and declared it was out of his power to do what was required of him.

"Let me try, grandfather," said Antonio; "I could make a lion like the broken one; I have often done one in clay."

"Out upon you, boy, for your nonsense," replied Pasino; "do you think one of your dirty wet clay figures would be seemly to put here?"

"No, but I could make a yellow lion that I am sure would do if they would give me a great lump of butter," persisted the lad.

His grandfather was leaving without reply to what he regarded as a childish speech, but the steward, who had chanced to have seen one or two of Antonio's figures, asked him what he meant about the butter.

"Give me some hard butter, and you shall see," replied the boy.

"Come along with me, then," said the steward; and taking him by the arm, he led him to the dairy, where a buxom-looking woman was busy amongst her pots and pans of cream. A keg of butter was given to him, the steward saying, "Now, my lad, set to work and see what you can do. This butter seems tolerably fit for your purpose, I think;" and he placed a large quantity on a slab of marble before Antonio, who had already taken out of his pocket one or two wooden instruments he had made for himself, and was in the habit of using constantly when modelling his figures of clay.

"I only want a large knife," replied the boy. Then, turning up his sleeves, he set to work, the dairywoman watching him with disgust, as he cut into her cherished butter without mercy. But by degrees her anger began to turn into admiration, as she saw what the young workman was effecting. For under his practised hands there was coming forth from the shapeless mass of butter the figure of a noble recumbent lion. Head, neck, body, mane, tail, paws—all appeared as if from a magician's wand. So quickly and cleverly was it done, that in half an hour the well-known crest of the Falieros stood on the marble pedestal, as true and correct in its proportions as the one that had been broken. The steward was delighted, and pronounced it to be quite worthy to go on the table.

Amongst the Count's visitors was a well-known sculptor, of the name of Torretto. His place was near the centre of the table, and his eye was constantly directed to the lion. His remarks upon it drew general attention to its execution, and on being questioned by his master, the steward informed the Count of the accident to the marble one, and of Antonio's successful attempt to replace it in so novel a material as butter.

"I would like to see the lad," said the sculptor. "He has produced a marvellously clever figure."

The next day as Antonio was sitting beside his beloved clay bed, busily fashioning a lion from memory similar to the butter one, he was surprised at the appearance of the count and his visitor, Signor Torretto. At the moment of the gentleman's appearance he was holding out the lion at arm's length, to survey it before putting in some last touches. He was a shy boy, and blushed deeply when praised for his performance of the previous day, for he was quite unused to seeing strangers, but the Count's kind manner soon reassured him.

"What put it into your head to use the butter, my lad?" he asked.

"I have sometimes got grandmother to let me shape a bit of hers, so I knew I could make a lion if it were hard enough."

"And how long have you been in the habit of making clay figures?" asked the Count.

"Always," was the laconic reply.

Meanwhile Signor Torretto had been carefully examining the clay lion.

"Tell me, my boy," he said, "has no one ever taught you to model these things? Have you always done them quite by yourself?"

"Quite by myself," said Antonio, rather wondering at the question.

"Will you show me some more of your work? What do you do with what you make?"

Antonio replied that he generally destroyed them as fast as he made them, but he had a few in the workshop. Thither they repaired, and Torretto examined what he found on the shelf with great interest. There was a dog, a rabbit, a pigeon, a cat, and one or two other specimens of the boy's skill, each one of which convinced the sculptor that he possessed genius of a high order.

"How should you like to become a real sculptor, my lad?" he asked, "and make animals and figures in marble?"

Antonio colored with excitement, and forgetting his shyness, exclaimed—"Oh, I should love it better than anything in the world!"

"I should like to speak to your grandfather," said Torretto. But when he spoke to Pasino, the old man shook his head and at once declined to listen to Torretto's proposal of taking Antonio as his pupil.

"Well," said the sculptor, "we will say no more at present, but if you think better of my offer, and will let me know through Count Faliero that you do so, I shall be willing to take the boy at any time. He shall live in my house, and I will provide for him till he has learnt his art, and can take care of himself. I live in Venice, and the distance from here is not so great but that he could visit you from time to time."

So saying, Signor Torretto and the Count departed; but (the stonemason remarked to his wife) "not before he had done more mischief to their grandson than would be easily undone."

In one sense this was true. Antonio from that day never liked any allusion made to his being a stonemason. His boyish ambition had been fired. He felt secretly that he was capable of a far higher lot.

Pasino was too sharp-sighted not to see that a change had come over his grandson.

"He is not the same lad he formerly was," he said one evening to his wife. "He never laughs or sings about the place as he used to."

"And he no longer seems to care about making his clay figures," said the wife. "He either isn't well, or he's unhappy. I tell you what, husband, it's no good trying to keep back nature, and it's my belief that nature means Antonio to be a great man some day. Maybe we've no right to refuse the gentleman's offer."

Pasino did not reply, but he pondered much as he worked away next day. At length he resolved to speak to the boy on the subject.

"Tell me, Antonio," said he, "should you like to go and live in Venice and learn to be a sculptor?"

"Oh, grandfather, yes! yes!" exclaimed he; and he started from his seat and went beside the old man; "I should like to make marble figures and beautiful things, and sell them, and give you and grandmother the money."

"If ever the day comes that you make marble figures and sell them, boy, it will not be till after your grandmother and I are lying in the graveyard; but we won't stand in your way if you are so desirous of going to the gentleman, though it makes my heart sore to think that the office I hold should go out of the family."

His grandmother's remark went more to Antonio's heart—"We won't keep thee here, lad, though it will be lonely without thee, and we thought to have had thee to be the comfort of our old age; but God bless thee wherever thou art."

"I will not leave you," said Antonio; "I will stay with you always, and I will be a stonemason."

"Nay, my boy, that musn't be if God points out another way for you," said Pasino; "old folks mustn't think only of themselves; we will tell the Count that we mean to let you go if the other gentleman holds to his offer."

He was as good as his word; though it was a sore struggle to him to go to the Castle, where the Count was now residing for several months, and tell of his resolve to give up the boy. The Count promised to communicate with Signor Torretto, and in a short time received a letter to say that he was ready to take Antonio any day. A servant from the Castle was going to Venice in the course of a fortnight, and the Count proposed that the boy should go under his charge to the beautiful city, which at that time was in her glory.

Antonio was kindly received by Signor Torretto, who became more and more interested in him, and convinced that he would one day amply repay him for the instruction he gave him.

"And how does Antonio get on?" asked Count Faliero of the sculptor, about three years from the date of his going to him.

"Most wonderfully," was the reply, "and only as a genius can get on. I have such an opinion of himself and of his talent that I have offered to adopt him on condition that he changes his name to my own, but this he will not do; he says he wishes to retain his grandfather's. He is much attached to the old couple, and fears, I think, to hurt their feelings by accepting my offer, and I must say I respect him for it; perhaps he may consent some day when they are gone."

But it was so ordered that the master was to go first. Signor Torretto died when Antonio was about fifteen years old, and the youth would have been left without a patron, had not Count Faliero taken him in charge and given him a room in his palace. He also introduced him to the Academy of Fine Arts, where the best free instruction was given to those promising youths who desired to avail themselves of the privilege.

Antonio strained every nerve to improve. A great proof of his real talent was his extreme diffidence and modesty about his own merits.

He remained several years in the house of his patron, who continued his firm friend till his death, which happened when he was entering upon manhood, and beginning to make the name for himself which was afterwards known throughout the world by all lovers of art as that of "ANTONIO CANOVA."—*Band of Hope Review.*

FORKS.

Old Dr. P——, a shrewd Baptist minister of the old school, was wont to declare that the decline of modern society into extravagance and corruption was largely a matter of forks.

"There were the Harveys," he said. "Grandfather Harvey bought a dozen two-tined steel forks when he set up housekeeping. The family lived in a little farm-house—bare floor, pine chairs, the wife doing her own work—all in accord with the forks. They'd no time for any reading but the Bible, or any recreation but church-going. Truth-telling, kind, God-fearing folks, were those Harveys.

"Their son John's wife brought a set of plated forks in her portion. Then things were freshened up to suit. Shan Brussels carpets, chromos on the wall, bonnets with feathers, and silk gowns on the women folks. No more dropping in at Grandfather Harvey's as you went by for a meal, sure of pot-luck and a hearty welcome. John's wife gave set dinners with a long notice and short bill of fare.

"John's son has the old place now. The forks are solid silver, the dinners have a dozen courses, the women dress after pictures, go to Europe in summer and the city in winter. But the farm is no bigger than before. The family live on credit. They have no time for their Bible and church, what with trying to keep up with the fashions and news and magazines and society. Forks are at the bottom of it all. Bring us back to the two-tined steel forks and all will be well.

There is no special malignant influence in forks. But the gradual introduction of needless luxuries into families of small incomes is undoubtedly the cause of most of the straining, the vulgar love of display, the financial ruin, and the false views of life which make American society so corrupt and uncertain. It is pleasanter to use silver than steel forks, but if silver forks mean *debt*, anxiety, and in the end the setting up of fashion instead of God on the family altar, to use steel is better breeding and better sense.

Our readers should remember, too, that luxury is a path in which no man takes a step backward. Nobody ever goes back, voluntarily, from silver to plated forks, or from plated to steel. It is easy to continue living simply; but to go back from a decorated to a simple life is, of all reforms, the most difficult.—*Youth's Companion.*

HERE is a verse for a very little child to speak at the missionary meeting:

There are many little children
Away across the sea,
Who do not know that Jesus died
For you and for me.
What shall I do to help them?
I'll tell you in a minute:
When you pass the box around,
I'll put some pennies in it.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

NOTHING TO DO.

"Nothing to do" in this world of ours,
Where weeds spring up with the fairest flowers,
Where smiles have only a fitful play,
Where hearts are breaking every day!

"Nothing to do," thou Christian soul,
Wrapping thee round in thy selfish stole.
Off with the garments of sloth and sin!
Christ, thy Lord, hath a kingdom to win.

"Nothing to do!" There are prayers to lay
On the altar of incense, day by day;
There are foes to meet within and without;
There is error to conquer, strong and stout.

"Nothing to do!" There are minds to teach
The simplest forms of Christian speech:
There are hearts to lure, with loving wile,
From the grimmest haunts of sin's defile.

"Nothing to do!" There are lambs to feed,
The precious hope of the Church's need;
Strength to be born to the weak and faint;
Vigils to keep with the doubting saint.

"Nothing to do!" and thy Saviour said,
"Follow thou me in the path I tread."
Lend, lend Thy help the journey through,
Lest, faint, we cry, "So much to do!"
—*The Lutheran.*

BREAD.

Bread is the "staff of life." It has been called the "sovereign of the kitchen"; it is the most important article of food in the eyes of a good housekeeper, for not a single meal is complete without it, and we are pretty sure, if we see good, home-made bread on the table, to find all the other food well cooked. With good judgment, and proper manipulation, five large loaves of superfine bread can be made of seven pounds of flour, and a two-cent cake of compressed yeast. They will be sweet, light, substantial and nourishing, and will be highly satisfactory to the palate as well. The time to make it will be considered of little value, when once home-made bread has been substituted for the baker's loaf. It is very easy to make bread after the following directions. If strictly followed there is no "luck" about it, it is sure to be good. Put one-third of a cake of compressed yeast to soak in a cup of warm water for an hour or more. Into a warm pan or wooden bowl sift two heaping quarts of flour, one large spoonful of sugar and the same of salt. Now into one pint of warm water put one spoonful of lard, and allow it to melt. The lard makes the bread tender, and the sugar takes the raw flavor from the flour. Stir this pint of water into the flour, and also stir in the yeast, softened and dissolved in the cup of water. This is all the liquid required for two loaves; but do not stir it into all the flour, but into a portion only, in the middle of the pan. This is "*setting the sponge.*" Allow three hours at least for it to rise, keeping it warm and well covered. Then mix all the flour into the sponge, put in the hands, and work and knead it for thirty minutes into a large round mass, smooth and puffy. Add no more flour, except to keep the hands from sticking. Cover well, and keep in a warm place over night. In the morning divide into two equal parts; make them shapely, but handle now as little and lightly as possible. Bake in buttered tins, five by ten inches in size and square cornered, as then the slices can be uniform, whereas in round tins they cannot be. Set the two loaves in a warm place to rise; an hour ought to double their size. When they are ready, after scoring twice each way across the top, put in a moderate oven, where they should have a steady fire, and remain one hour. The scoring prevents the sides from cracking, and improves the shape of the loaves. When done, remove from the tins, stand the loaves on one side, and cover with a cloth till cold. If the crust has baked too hard, or too brown, wring a napkin out of cold water, and lay upon it, and cover closely. This sufficiently softens the crust. A tin box is best for keeping bread. Stale slices make better toast than fresh bread. There are many ways to use stale bread, so there is no need of wasting any.

Potato bread is much thought of by some, and it certainly has the merit of keeping moist longer than other kinds; but bread as good as it should be is soon eaten. In order to make it the potatoes should be boiled, well done, peeled, mashed exceedingly fine, stirred into the water for the bread, strained into the flour, and then the dissolved yeast added; then proceed as with the plain bread.

Water makes better bread than milk, and milk adds uselessly to the cost.

Plain people, those who depend upon their food for health and strength for their daily labor, and women who have the care of providing the table, as well as the spending of money therefor, will find that by making their own bread, besides having a more nutritious, wholesome article than can be bought, they have scored a strong point in economy also. This is but one of the many ways of saving money, or rather, living well on a little. One would not believe how good a table can be set with a few dollars, by judicious investment of them. Even pies and puddings "fit to set before the king" do not really cost as much as might be supposed when all the items are counted up. More than the material, the way it is put together tells, and the wife who really has the interests of husband and home at heart will spare no pains to buy the most and best for her money, and having made her purchases, in learning how to make the best possible use of them.—*N. Y. Independent.*

SAVING MINUTES AND STEPS.

Have a shelf above the pastry table, on which to keep in covered and labelled boxes salt, corn starch, baking powder, and spices of all kinds; also grater, sifter, egg beater, flour dredge, and spoons of various sizes. It is also well to give place to recipe books, and tissue paper for lining cake pans, as all these things within arm's length of the worker will save numberless steps during a morning's baking.

Have a chair handy to drop into while beating eggs and preparing vegetables; it will be a great saving of strength, and a paper or magazine to fill up the leisure moments while watching the baking and boiling will refresh the mind as well, for kitchens are weary places. Have a large Japan waiter on which to carry things between cellar, ice box, and table, so making one trip do the work of several.

Have plenty of closet room, so that a dozen articles will not have to be moved to find one.

Have matches beside the lamps or gas jets, also a receptacle for the refuse ends.

Have broom, brush and dust pan for every floor in the house, and do not run with one set from basement to attic.

Have wire lines for clothes, thus saving putting up and taking down long lines of rope every washday.

Have a sewing room or some nook or corner furnished with table and all materials for work, and which will not have to be cleared up every night during a busy season of sewing.—*Ridley's Fashion Magazine.*

PURE AIR IN CHILDREN'S ROOMS.

A writer in "Babyhood," impressed with the necessity of this desideratum in children's sleeping rooms, very sensibly declares that too much attention cannot be bestowed on children's sleeping rooms, especially in the matter of pure air and sunlight. It is, above all, important to prevent foul and steamy vapors from the kitchen and laundry, damp emanations from the cellar, and the impurities from gas and other lights from concentrating there. Some means of ventilation are indispensable in every dwelling to prevent the rising of impure atmosphere toward the roof. Shut off the children's bedrooms from the rest of the house, and open a window somewhere near for the escape of impure air.

An alarming practice, and one altogether too prevalent, is the burning of lamps in children's bed-chambers, and this, too, all night with closed windows. Now, it should be known that the flame of a lamp consumes the vitalizing portions of the air, and that a room in which a light has been burning for hours is not fit for sleeping in. In addition to this evil, a burning lamp produces another, and that is, restless slumber, as the light causes the brain to respond even through the closed eyelids, and thus make an effort which should be avoided. Teach children to sleep in the dark, by all means. They must, of course, be prepared for bed by lamp light in winter, but the room may be instantly purified after the lamp is extinguished by opening the windows and doors and letting in fresh, cool air.

Teach a child also that it is just as safe from all harm in the dark as in the light; and that it will be healthier and happier, and it will believe it, because children have inexhaustible faith in the mother's word. Never allow any one to tell children fear-inspiring, hobgoblin stories, and don't punish them by sending them or threatening to put them in dark places; thus you will be enabled easily to train them to sleep in the dark.—*Christian at Work.*

RECIPES.

TEA.—No matter what variety may be used, there are certain rules absolutely essential for all. To begin with, never use a tin teapot if an earthen one is obtainable. An even teaspoonful of dry tea is the usual allowance for a person. Scald the teapot with a little boiling water and pour it off. Put in the tea, pour on about a teacupful of boiling water, letting it stand a minute or two for the leaves to swell. Then fill with the required amount of water, still boiling, this being about a small cupful to a person. Cover closely and let it stand for five minutes. Ten will be required for English breakfast tea, but never boil either, above all in a tin pot. Boiling liberates the tannic acid of the tea which acts upon the tin, making a compound bitter and metallic in taste and unfit for the human stomach.

GRIDDLE CAKES.

Cakes made from white or Graham flour are more tender when cooked rice or hominy, etc., is added. All cakes are made more tender by putting them into a hot dish and keeping them hot and covered till all are baked. Those underneath which have steamed the longest will be found much more tender and mellow than those last baked. To have these first they should be put, up-side down, into a hot, buttered dish to prevent sticking, and, when served, turned out on a napkin spread in the dish in which they are to be placed on the table. The napkin folded around them besides being a pretty addition serves also to absorb the condensed water from the cover, which, to preserve the heat, should be retained at the table. There are many beautiful designs in covered dishes which are quite suitable for this purpose.

The custom of sending cakes steaming hot from the griddle to the table can be traced to the too common mode of depositing them on a frosty, uncovered dish, from which they are transferred to the equally frosty plate of the victim, who, eating them in the consequent state of departing warmth, naturally concludes that hot cakes are better than cold, and that in order to have them hot they must be brought immediately from the griddle.

There is no excuse for serving half-cold griddle cakes, and if the mode herein suggested is adopted the cakes will not only always be hot and save perhaps a member of the family from baking while the others are eating, but they will be greatly improved by so doing.

In most families one particular kind of griddle cakes is preferred; but a variety is usually acceptable as well as desirable, and the following are good, thoroughly tried and easily followed recipes. North of Mason and Dixon's line the most popular are—

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—Scald one-half cupful of corn meal with three cupfuls of boiling water: when nearly cold add equal parts of buckwheat and whole wheat or white flour to make the batter a little thicker than required, as it becomes thinner on rising. Add one teaspoonful of salt, one dessertspoonful of molasses and the proper proportion of whatever yeast is used. Beat well and let rise in a warm room over night. In the morning dissolve one-third teaspoonful of soda and stir into the batter. One well-beaten egg added is liked by some. Deliciously tender "buckwheats," which were the rule in our household, were so made by placing the vessel containing the foamy batter ready for baking, in the snow for perhaps an hour.

In the Southern States the cakes par excellence are,

CORN CAKES.—Mix one cupful of flour, two cupfuls of corn meal, one teaspoonful of salt and one-half tablespoonful of molasses with water or milk to make a batter, and let it stand over night. In the morning add three eggs (whites and yolks beaten separately) and three teaspoonfuls of baking powder mixed with one tablespoonful of reserved flour. These are better made with sour milk and soda, mixing at night, and adding eggs and dissolved soda *before* baking, or they may be raised with yeast. As corn meal requires longer to cook than other meal or flour it should be either soaked over night or scalded.

GRAHAM GRIDDLE CAKES.—Break into grains with a wire potato masher, one cupful of boiled oatmeal with two cupfuls of milk or water. Stir into this two cupfuls of Graham flour into which is mixed two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder and one teaspoonful of salt. Add three well-beaten eggs and more liquid if not thin enough. Any mush may be used instead of oatmeal.

RICE GRIDDLE CAKES.—One cupful of boiled rice broken into kernels in one cupful of milk, two cupfuls of flour into which is sifted two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder and one teaspoonful of salt. Mix thoroughly, adding more milk, and add two eggs (whites and yolks beaten separately) the last thing before baking. Hominy, barley, oatmeal, tapioca, farina, cerealine, etc., may be used, and a great variety be produced.—*N. Y. Observer*

PUZZLES—No. 6.

A DANGEROUS ENEMY.

I enter every human heart,
And many times a year;
I dislike all who can resist,
Inspire the rest with fear.

I love to see them trembling
When, in a place so light,
They wish to go the other way,
Yet fear to do the right.

I'm an enemy of one and all,
Do all the harm I can;
He who from my arms will turn
Must be a noble man.

BEHEADINGS.

1. Behead a pet name, and leave a part of the body.
2. Behead something you wear in your hat, and leave a conjunction.
3. Behead a fruit, and leave a part of the body.
4. Behead something that goes round, and leave a part of the foot.
5. Behead something to eat, and leave to speak.
6. Behead a girl's name, and leave the name of a heathen goddess.
7. Behead something you wear, and leave a garden tool.

AN EXAMPLE IN ADDITION.

To half a dozen add half a score,
Then you will plainly see
Just twenty—neither less nor more—
Explain the mystery.

A BOUQUET.

1. To secure and an insect. 2. Feminine foot gear. 3. A border and a fastening. 4. A friendly wish. 5. An unctuous substance and a dish. 6. An animal and what she gets on *her*. 7. A wise man's impression. 8. A fowl and its death. 9. To break and a fabled creature. 10. A period of darkness and what it brings. 11. The vital current and the foundation of things. 12. An animal and part of one's dress.

A CHARADE FOR THE BOYS.

A common bird the *first* is:
The *second* what no bird without is;
But the two in combination
To a bird have no relation.
Now, smart solver, tell me whether
You can put my parts together.
And if you're a mechanic *skilful*,
And if of tools you have a till full,
You can make a *whole* completely,
And do it workmanlike and neatly.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NUMBER 5.

WHAT AM I?—

The Opossum.

GREAT MEN'S TITLES.—1. The Little Corporal, Napoleon Bonaparte. 2. The father of his country, George Washington. 3. The hero of Waterloo, Lord Wellington. 4. The Great Captain, Gonzalvo de Cordova. 5. Alexander the Great, Alexander of Macedon.

WORD VALUES.—1. Vim. 2. Did.

A QUOTATION ENIGMA.—"Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do."

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

We have *quite a number* of puzzlers to introduce this number, and hope there will be very many more next time. The following young people have sent correct answers to puzzles:—Roddie McLeod, Birdie Lavers, Bertha Canavan, Minnie Willock, A. E. Cook, Charley Neilson, Janet J. Cuthbertson, and E. Whitehouse who gives a pencil sketch of the Kangaroo. These young people are not only solving the puzzles given, but are sending others of their own composing. Some of these we hope to give in our next number.

ED. NORTHERN MESSENGER.

The Family Circle.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

When I consider how my light is spent,
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He, returning, chide—
"Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
I *fondly ask; but Patience, to prevent*
That murmur, soon replies: "God doth not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best; his state
Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean, without rest:
They also serve who only stand and wait."

—*John Milton.*

THE FLUSH OF THE CHEEK.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"On New Year's day she was born and on a New Year's day she died."

The speaker's voice trembled. That bewildered look that so often crosses the face of the mourner passed over her countenance; then, casting her eyes heavenward for a moment, she commanded her grief, and shut it in her heart.

"I love to speak of it; I love to tell the story, painful as it is," murmured the speaker a few moments afterwards; "because it shows the exceeding graciousness of God, in rescuing a soul from the fearful pit into which I had fallen."

She was a fair and graceful woman dressed in mourning. Report said she had been very gay and beautiful.

"I was married very young," she continued, "to one I loved dearly. I shudder to tell you now, but it is true, we neither of us believed in the revealed Word of God. I had long thrown off what I called the shackles of a miserable theology, having imbibed infidel sentiments from my father, who loved the memory of Paine better than everything else, and annually celebrated his birthday. I married a rich man, whose tastes were like my own. We both of us loved music, poetry and painting, were both gay and devotedly wedded to pleasure. Prayer never entered our thoughts; we never spoke of the Heavenly Father, nor of his mercies, because we acknowledged nothing superior to dumb, visible nature. The stars, the sky, the beauties of sea and earth, were themes for our pens and our pencils; but to us they never spoke of God. The Sabbath was a day of selfish ease, a day on which we lounged, played music, and even cards, and received our friends, or else took our carriage and drove into the country.

"Two years after my marriage a dear little daughter was given to us. She was born, as I said, on New Year's day. It is, rather let me say it was my nature then, to love idolatrously. I worshipped my child, as I did my husband. I devoted all my energies to her; in fact, almost renounced the world, to live more absolutely in the light of my earthly though dazzling shrine, and knelt to the image within like a devotee night and day. I was laughed at, scolded, ridiculed; but nothing could tempt me from the side of my babe. Well, she repaid me. I had resolved that I would perfect the little outward casket, and show to the world a jewel at which they must wonder. I determined that in every point she should be beautiful. I consulted every science that would tend to the completion of my scheme. Her health was so precious in my sight that I scarcely rested, so assiduous were my exertions. I did not mean that she should be proud, vain or arrogant; but I, a human being, a poor, fallible mortal, was to crown the race with a perfect creature, outward and inward; the beauty of the body was to be but a faint reflection of the beauty of the soul. God, for a while, permitted my efforts to meet with seeming success. The child was angelic in form and feature. Her cheeks were soft and bright as rose-leaves; her brow was like a temple of ivory; her eyes were deep, dark and lustrous, and her shape, unconfined, was grace itself. Seldom have I seen such faultless limbs, or hair with so rich a lustre. The first anniversary of her birthday came. I gave a corresponding entertainment. My babe was the idol of the glittering crowd, and my unholy vanity was satisfied. Gifts came pouring in, and many were the devices they bore. It was a strange mockery, and I tremble to remember how I accepted every homage: it was paid to my wisdom, my skill! In fine, I felt myself the creator of my child.

"The second year had nearly flown, and little Annette could walk and talk, and grew more and more wondrously lovely. One day I was called upon to visit a friend, supposed to be dying. I dared not trust any servant with the care of Annette. I could not take her with me, for the day was stormy; and I could not let her be near the taint of disease. In the mansion adjoining my own, there was a kind old nurse, who for thirty years had lived in one family. Could I possibly get the loan of her for an hour?

"She came at my request, and with many charges and much trembling, I left the little creature with her. I returned within the hour, and flew to the nursery. My child hung on the nurse's knee, her face upturned, her little hands clasped together. Her limbs had assumed a posture of inimitable grace, one tiny foot being inlocked within the other, and in her eyes was an expression that I saw for the first time. She sprang with a cry of joy towards me, while the old gray nurse left her seat as if to go. Suddenly the child glided out of my arms, and lifting one dimpled arm, throwing her beautiful head back, pointing her finger upward, she said, 'Mamma, Jesus! Jesus, mamma!'

"I grew cold; a shiver ran through every vein. I caught the child to my heart, and turning quickly, cried, 'What have you been teaching her?'

"'I was only telling her, ma'am,' said the old nurse, gently and respectfully, 'about her Saviour.'

"'Putting such thoughts into the brain of a babe!' I exclaimed; 'If I had dreamed of this, I would never have left her with you. My child is not intended for a fanatic; I am Saviour enough for her, at present.'

"Terrible words! I had no sooner repeated them, than my heart sank within me like lead. The old nurse, with a look of pity, glided out of the room, and tortured with conflicting emotions, I burst into tears.

"The child put her hand upon mine, her lip quivering as it always did at any unusual sight, and as if asking a question, with her soft voice she said again, 'Jesus, mamma, Jesus!'

"'No, no, no;' I said sternly, for my soul was filled with a cruel hate. 'There is no Jesus, child,' I would have added, but I did not speak as I thought. I dared not, and I was angry with myself that I was such a coward. I had heard of such things, but my babe should love nothing beyond her parents. They were to be all in all—her life, love, heaven. From that day—from that hour—I was unhappy. A cloud settled upon me, which all my reasoning would not shake off. Every morning I flew to my child's crib, to assure myself that she was there; every night I awakened and listened in the hush for her small, sweet breathing. I was as it were unconsciously watching for the time—the terrible time—that came at last. It wanted only a week of the new year. I had been out purchasing beautiful presents for my darling, leaving her with my own mother, who had come to stay with me a while. I expected many callers, and was intending to finish an embroidered robe, on which I had been three months employed with my needle. It was for Annette—she would look so exquisitely lovely on that day. Who would not envy me the possession of such a child?

"As I returned home, I looked from my carriage up to the nursery window. My beloved one was there, her bright eyes beaming down upon me, her dear face all smiles. How she flew to welcome me, and to get the few little sweet-meats which I had purchased for her!

"'Does she not look most beautiful, now?' I asked, triumphantly.

"'Yes, only I don't quite like the flush on her right cheek,' my mother replied.

"'Flush—oh, that is nothing, I cried, though a sudden fear took possession of me. 'She always has a lovely color.'

"'And has she had that strange cough long?' my mother asked again.

"'What strange cough?' I had heard nothing of the kind.

"Just then it sounded—one short, hollow cough, that I should hardly have observed if my mother had not called my attention to it. I looked anxiously at the child, who smiled in my face, and thus seemed to give me assurance that she was well. It was most singular, I have since thought, that I was not more alarmed. Before, the slightest indication of illness had startled me, giving me agony for the dread of coming sorrow. Now I seemed to feel so secure! to have such unlimited power over and absolute possession of my darling, that no dread troubled me.

"Twice in the night I heard that cough, and then I was alarmed. My husband sent immediately for the best medical aid; two physicians were summoned, and both looked strangely at my child. She was in my arms, and I was trying to smile away my own fears. Her eyes were unearthly brilliant, her cheeks unearthly red. But away down in my heart was a desperate, struggling feeling, as if I were fighting with some invisible power that called my child. I was, besides, mortified—yes, even then pride came up—that we were obliged to call in assistance, or rather, that a fear lest disease might be hovering near compelled us. My whole mind was absorbed in this feeling, when, looking up I chanced to see the physicians as their eyes met. I read there in an instant, by the electric force of intuition, what they dared not tell me—my Annette was very ill, perhaps dangerously so! Yes; that morning, as the pale beams mocked the dimness of my chamber, I first heard the fatal croup. No tongue can describe the utter anguish of my heart. I flew from room to room in search of aid, wildly and haggardly, and then returned to wring my hands helplessly over the sufferer. Many a mother's ear has caught the sound, so often the knell of death—that husky, frightful echo, as from some awful cavern of despair—the croup-rattle. I know not how I lived those succeeding days; my heart seemed frozen into stone; my soul, without knowing it, cursed the Author of my existence; my brain seemed burning lead; my eyes, hot, heavy and strained, refused to seek sleep or rest; and, until the last moment came, I would hold that dear head, would gaze upon that tortured face in speechless agony. She died in my arms.

When I knew that it was over, I threw myself upon the lounge, and there, refusing to move, speak, look, or take refreshment, I passed the ensuing day and night. In vain my husband stood over me distractedly; in vain he strove to comfort me. What comfort could he give? Was not her doom sealed? Could we carry the dead about in our bosoms? Was she not gone—gone eternally?

"'Never, never, never to see her again!' Oh, that was intolerable anguish. The head that had lain in my bosom, that angelic head, to moulder away into dust; the limbs, the color, the intelligence—all gone, all gone forever!

"The second day was New Year's. In the early morning, reason resumed her sway. I lifted my head. All was dreary, dead silence. They had taken away Annette. I was alone. Oh, where had they carried her? As I arose languidly, I saw my husband sitting where he had sat, doubtless, all night, his face bloodless, his hands clasped tightly together, his eyes fastened sorrowfully upon me. The sight smote me to the heart. I flew to him, crying out only that he would help me bear it.

"'Help me, help me, my husband! I have no other help,' was my anguished entreaty.

"'I cannot help you,' was his gentle reply.

"'Oh, my husband, if we had some refuge to go to!' I cried, passionately. 'If only we had something to hope in! But to think, to feel, that she has gone away from us—gone, never to come back—gone forever, and forever, and forever! Do you think, do you dare to think, that there might be some place where she is? Oh, no, no, no—it is impossible!'

"That day I was led, half fainting, to the room where they had laid her. Oh, my darling! she did not look dead. The same beautiful outline, the brow as lovely, the hair as silken. Was it but these, animated by life, we had loved? I tried to take her to my heart, but the death-cold frightened me. I murmured, and rebelled, and wept wildly, when suddenly I heard a voice say, softly—

"'Ah, blessed darling! how she listened when I told her of Jesus! Now she sees him.'

"I turned suddenly upon the old, gray nurse, but her mild face and sad look of sympathy reproved me.

"'He said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven,"' she continued, softly. 'What a beautiful angel Annette is up there! O my dear madam, love him who has taken her, and you shall see her again—shall love her forever.'

"How my heart beat at these words! Emotion choked me. I could not but see that some holy light played over her features, that, plain and withered as they were, made them seem beautiful; and I exclaimed, trembling so that I could hardly stand, 'Oh, I wish, I wish that I could think so! Oh, I would that my babe was something more than dust and ashes! I would give worlds to feel that I might see her again!'

"I need not tell you of her gentle words, her simple arguments, nor the eagerness with which, over the dead form of my perished idol, I listened to her. Suffice to say, that in that room, in presence of the angel spirit of my child, I was regenerated. There I found the Saviour I had despised—there I learned the beauty of that holy religion that had seemed to me and mine a myth. And on the repetition of every New Year's Day, I consecrate it to prayer and praise, and thank God—oh, how fervently!—that my darling died to live again. If I had kept her"—she shuddered from head to foot.

"And your husband?"

"He died in the full hope of a glorious immortality. We shall all meet again."—*Morning Star.*

A BEAUTIFUL POSSIBILITY.

BY CARRINGTON.

"Miss May?"

"Yes, Milly, what is it?"

"Mr. Stanley is down in the parlor and wants to see you."

"What time is it?"

"Just six o'clock."

"All right, Milly, tell him I will be down in two minutes."

This was my waking last Saturday morning, and in less time than it takes to write it I was ready to bid my brother good morning, and ask him how I had become so indispensable to his happiness that he must come at such an unusual hour, for I had seen him only the evening before, and we had laid our plans for the day.

But an emergency had arisen during the night that made it necessary for me to change places with a sister in a distant city. Could I dress, and pack, and breakfast, and reach the train in fifty minutes?

Of course, I said yes, and I did it. One always can if one must, and I bethought myself enough of the family I left behind to plan their Sunday dinner and give the cook her directions.

As I ran downstairs Stanley asked: "Where is your baggage?" "Oh," I answered, "I have none; I shall find all I need or want when I get to A——"

When the train had started, and I had adjusted myself mentally as well as physically to the situation, there was time and opportunity for a little quiet thinking, and certain Bible words came back to me: "In such an hour as ye think not." Suppose the message had been "The Master is come and calleth for thee," should I have been as glad to exchange worlds as cities? Could I have said as calmly "I will be ready," if it had been heaven instead of Alma? Would my only thought have been for those who were left behind? Surely it would be possible so to live that I could answer yes, if I fully believed the heavenly meaning of the earthly words I had used so lightly, "I shall find all I need or want there." David said it more briefly: "I shall be satisfied," but the homely words seemed more full of meaning—all I need or want—it is one's highest ideal of heaven.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

BY SOPHIE B. HERRICK,

Author of Chapters on Plant Life, Etc.

About three-quarters of our world is under water. This we all know very well, if we have not grown so old or so wise as to have forgotten our geography. We are apt to think of this vast expanse of ocean as having very few inhabitants; in fact, as being a sort of watery great desert, with fish passing through it, something as the caravans pass over Sahara. It is chiefly important to us as the pathway over which steam-ships and sailing vessels go, carrying passengers and exchanging the products of one country for those of others.

Fig. 2.—English Chalk.

But the ocean is even more than the land teeming with life. Not only are its waters full of darting fish, but there is a silent life filling the sea bottom, and doing more toward building it up than all the larger creatures above. And so it was in the past ages, only more truly so. Large as the ocean is now, it was far larger then. The Atlantic waves as they swept westward did not break upon the coast of the British Islands, for England, Ireland and Scotland were deep down under water. The inhabitants of the British Isles in that day were principally little shell-fish, so tiny that you could not have seen what they were with your unaided eye. As each generation of these little creatures died, these shells, some of glass and others of a limy or chalky substance, beautifully formed and delicately carved, dropped to the bottom, and so built up the earth. There was nobody around then with his magnifying-glass to look at the curious earth as it was forming, but it has been kept for us in one of the

Fig. 3.—Atlantic Dredging.

great layers of earth called "the chalk." Much of England was built up in this way by the dropping of myriads of shells when the little life that had animated them went out. At the end of the English chalk period Great Britain and more besides were lifted bodily above the waters, and then the waves went to work to carve England, with all her bays and inlets, out for the great stretch of uplifted land. The Straits of Dover were cut through, leaving the edges of the chalk layer standing up, white and tall, facing the water.

These chalk cliffs gave the poetical name of Albion, or the white, to England; and these were the shores to which the men of Tyre and Sidon came in their ships to gather the tin found in the Southern counties of England, and carry it away to their own land, long before our Lord was born in Bethlehem.

Though England was no longer receiving new layers of shells, the same thing went on and is going on to-day in the depths of the Atlantic Ocean. The difference between the chalk formed so many millions of years ago and that forming now you can see by looking at Fig. 2. from the English chalk beds, and then comparing it with Fig. 3. from the bottom of the Atlantic to-day.

Very little was known of the great oceans before the days of Columbus and the other voyagers of his time. All the sailing done before that was in inland seas like the Mediterranean, or along the shores. And people imagined that down in the depths the cold and darkness and tremendous weight of the water would prevent anything from living there. A few examinations were made, it is true, in a part of the Mediterranean near Greece, and no life being found there, that settled the question for a while.

But just thirty years ago men of science found occasion to change their minds upon this point. A telegraphic cable which had been lying in deep water (the exact depth was known) was broken. In order to mend it the cable had to be drawn up out of the water. When this was done, thousands of tiny living creatures were found on the wire. Not loose, as though they had been caught on the cable as it was dragged up through the waters but closely cemented on, showing that they had lived where the wire was lying in the depths of the sea.

As soon as the fact was known that there was life in the sea depths a great interest was aroused. Ships were fitted up with all sorts of dredges and scoops and nets to catch the delicate creatures living down deep in the water, and to bring up the soil from the bottom so gently that its inhabitants would not be killed. Day by day the formation of chalk, as it is going on now at the sea bottom, was watched and recorded.

Nowhere else do we find a link that binds our world of to-day so closely with the far distant past as just here. The higher the form of life, the more easily does it change and develop. We find in the mud from the Atlantic bottom living creatures whose shells are very much the same as those which millions of years ago built up the English chalk. These are almost unchanged, while above them all the wonderful panorama of life has passed unnoticed. The strange fish and monstrous reptiles and curious reptilian birds have all passed and vanished utterly from the earth, the water and the air knowing them no more.

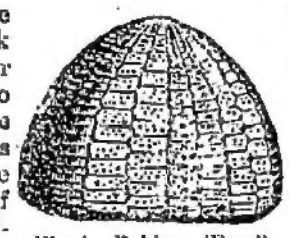


Fig. 4.—Echinus (Fossil Sea-Urchin.)

(From "Lyell's Elements of Geology.")

The reason of this is clear. All life depends much on its surroundings; if they remain the same, the forms of life usually do not change much. On land and on the surface of the water the surroundings constantly vary. Heat and cold, moisture and drought and plant life, have changed, and the animal life has changed with them, but in the depths of the sea there has been only one marked change—the waters have been slowly cooling off, and so the changes have been slight and gradual. Everything else remaining the same, we ought not to expect, and we do not find, any violent change in the forms of deep-sea life. The geologic period of the Atlantic depths is therefore not far from that of the British Isles some millions of years ago.

Fig. 5.

Turrilites. Scaphites.

(From "Lyell's Elements of Geology.")

Though these tiny shell-fish made so much of the land at that time as to give a name to the period, the chalk, there were existing at the same time a great many other forms of life. Sea-urchins abounded (Fig 4), and other shell fish, (Fig. 5), and corals (Fig. 6), also other forms, called glass sponges, living with shell-fish as they do now.

In the depths of the Phillipine seas, nearly three-quarters of a mile straight down, live the most beautiful of the glass sponges nowadays. They are almost the most beautiful of all nature's works—long curved cornucopias made of the finest spun glass woven into a square-meshed lace. Around the horn run short frills of delicate lace, while the small end of the horn is enclosed in a tuft of the silvery hair. This beautiful thing is second-cousin to our common drudge of a sponge, and nearer still to the glass sponges among the chalk. (Fig. 7.) Whenever you are in a museum, ask to see the Venus's flower-pot, for that is the name of this particular kind of a glass sponge.

While the earth was being slowly built up by these beautiful beings under the sea, you may be sure the land was not empty. Enormous lizard-like creatures wandered over the shores or slipped heavily into the water. Great flying lizards beat the air as they rushed downward from some high tree or lofty rock. There were fifty different kinds of immense snake-like creatures, sometimes eighty feet long. The reign of reptiles was drawing to a close, but it was not over. There are on the earth now only six large kinds of reptiles, and these not over twenty-five feet in length.

There were still very few beings above the reptile class, but the four-footed beasts to come—the mammals, as they are called—were beginning to be shadowed forth by a class of the lowest of the quadrupeds, to which the kangaroo and opossum of our time belong, that link the lower with the higher forms. These creatures have a pouch in which the unformed young are kept till they are fully formed.

The climate must have been warm all over the earth. The plants and animals that existed in all parts of the world in those days live only in the hottest countries now. The forests through which the reptile monsters roamed were made up of tree-ferns and palms, in the island of Spitzbergen, where there is perpetual ice and snow now, as well as under the equator.

At the end of this period a great change took place in the New World. North and South America had been up to this time two islands, widely separated. By an uplifting of the western part of the two islands the land that connected them under the sea was raised above water, and the continent of America was born out of the sea. This was the age of continent and mountain making. A map of America before this upheaval, and one afterward, does not look as though it were made to represent the same world, they are so very different.—*Harper's Young People.*

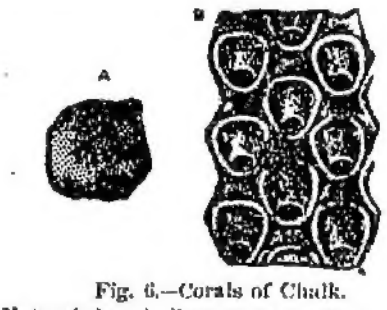


Fig. 6.—Corals of Chalk.

a. Natural size; *b*, Part of the same magnified.

(From "Lyell's Elements of Geology.")

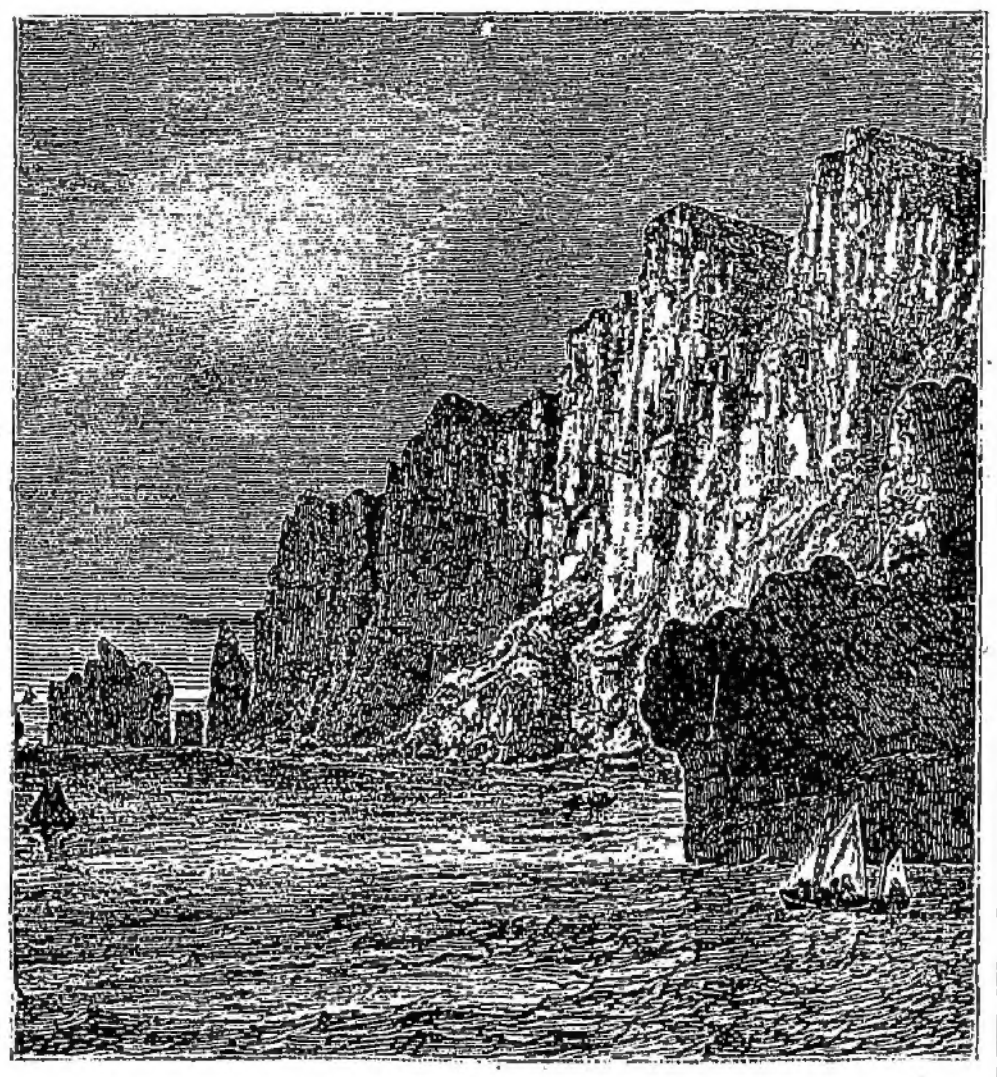


Fig. 1.—Chalk Cliffs of Dover.

WHY HE BECAME A MISSIONARY.

Some one asked Dr. Judson in later life whether he had been more influenced by faith than love in going to Burmah. He paused a moment, and then replied: There was in me at that time little of either; but I remember a time in the woods of Andover Seminary when I was almost disheartened. Everything looked dark. No one had gone out from this country. The way was not open. The field was far distant, and in an unhealthy climate. I knew not what to do. All at once Christ's "last command" seemed to come to my heart directly from heaven.

I can doubt no longer, but determined on the spot to obey it at all hazards, for the sake of pleasing the Lord Jesus Christ." And then he added these memorable words, "If the Lord wants you for missionaries, he will send that word home to your hearts. If he does so, you neglect it at your peril."

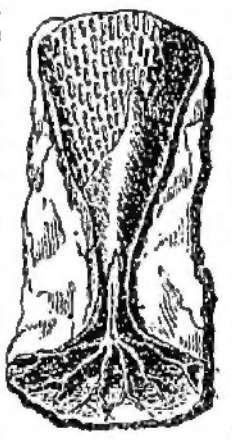


Fig. 7.

Sponge of Chalk.

(From "Lyell's Elements of Geology.")

A WORD TO THE RICH.

"What shall I say for the rich?" observed Canon Farrar in his hospital sermon at the Abbey. "I say there are scores of men in London who could save our hospitals from anxiety almost without feeling it. Look at the very recent art sales: £2,000 for one dessert service, £1,200 for two flower pots, £3,000 for a chimney ornament, £10,000 for two rose-colored vases, £3,000 for a single lady's dress; £1,000 for the flowers for a single ball. I do not criticise this expenditure. I only say if there be in London such a Pactolus of wealth for these gewgaws of silk and clay, can there be by comparison only a drop or two to heal the bodies, to ameliorate the souls of men? Why should the runnel of charity dribble on as it does, while the full tide of luxury is still at flood?"—*Helping Hand.*

CAT STORIES.

"There was," says Mr. Couch, in his "Illustrations of Instinct," "in the house of my parentage, a small cupboard, in which were kept milk, butter, and other requisites for the tea-table, and the door was confined with a lock, which, from age and frequent use, could be easily made to open. To save trouble, the key was always kept in the lock, in which it revolved on a very slight impulse. It was often a subject of remark that the door of this cupboard was found wide open, and the milk or butter greatly diminished, without any imaginable reason, and notwithstanding the persuasion that the door had certainly been regularly locked; but it was accident that led to the detection of the offender. On watching carefully, the cat was seen to seat herself on the table; and by repeated patting on the side of the bow of the key, it was at last made to turn, when a slight pull on the door caused it to move on its hinges!"

FUSSY LIFTING THE LATCH.

I was awaked very early one morning by the noise of the lifting of the back-door latch; I looked through the window to see who was there, but could neither hear nor see anybody. I thought it very strange indeed; but a few days after, in the daytime, the same noise was heard by my family, one of whom looked through the sitting-room window and saw our cat, a fine white and grey one, which we called "Spottie," standing on a flower-box attached to the window-sill, with its front paw pressing down the latch. Presently the door opened, and in sprang pussy.

Spottie has often done the same thing since then; but if the door happens to be fastened, it will keep on lifting the latch, which makes a noise within, until some person opens the door and lets it in.

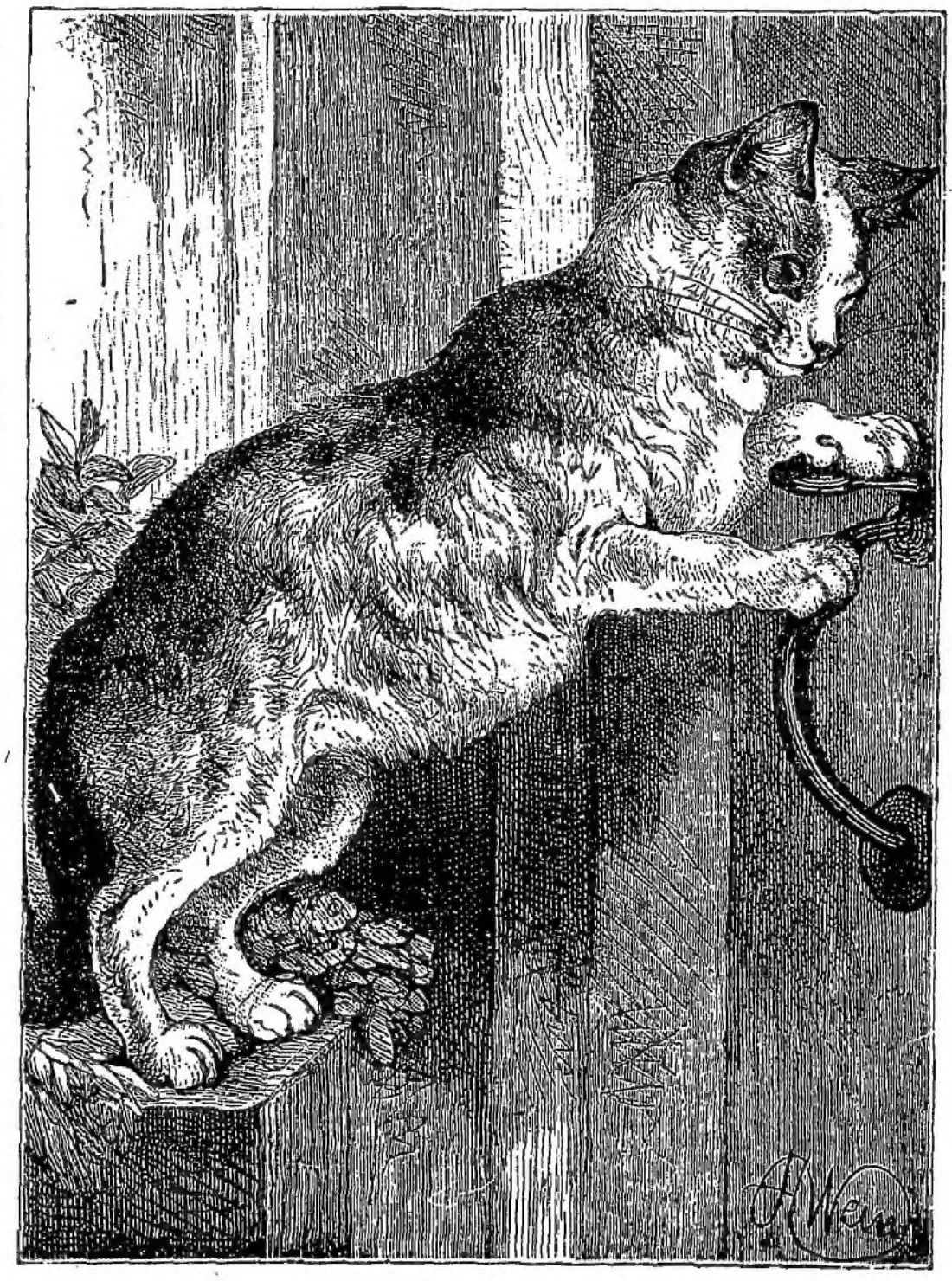
A CAT'S LOVE OF HOME.

The author of "Domestic Animals and their Treatment" states:—"A cat was once conveyed in a basket to a new home, and had kittens just after her arrival. Two of these kittens were kept, and the cat seemed so happy in attending upon them, that every one thought she would settle contentedly in the new house. But as soon as the kittens could see and eat, puss was one day missing with one of her little ones, and it was afterwards found that she had carried the kitten all the way back to the old house, a distance of many miles, and which must have taken two or three days to accomplish. She must have rested often on the road, but she arrived very much exhausted, and so weak that she could scarcely crawl. The new owners of the house pitied the starving creature, and treated her well. As soon as her strength was restored, she left her kitten in their charge, and went back to fetch the other. The second kitten was now old enough to run by her mother's side a part of the way, so that the second journey was not so fatiguing as the first."

A WEST INDIAN CAT.

A missionary at Guy's Hill in the island of Jamaica, had a beautiful cat which he wished to give as a present to Samuel Rogers, Esq., of Louisiana, which is situated fully six miles farther on among the mountains, by wild and dangerous roads. The feline gift was accordingly tied in a bag and taken to Louisiana and duly liberated there, in the hope that it would make itself at home. The cat never was away from Guy's Hill in its life before, and could not possibly have seen the trees, rocks, or any other objects which marked the route between Guy's Hill and Louisiana, and yet next morning it was back at the Mission house at Guy's Hill, purring at the feet of her astonished master and mistress.

Much needless suffering is inflicted on poor cats by people when removing to new houses. Dogs cling to human beings, but cats are attached to houses. If folks on leaving the old house would just rub the feet of poor puss with a little butter, and put her in a darkened basket, she would soon take to the new home, and not run back to the old one.—*Uncle John's Anecdotes.*



PUSSY LIFTING THE LATCH.

TO THE GIRL WHO CANNOT GO TO COLLEGE.

BY LOUISE MANNING HODGKINS.

Half your pleasure in receiving your diploma from high school or academy last June was destroyed by the thought that your intimate friend, with whom you had learned daily lessons for three years, was only beginning her student life, while yours was ending; for she is going to college and you are not. Perhaps your physician says, wisely, that your health is not firm enough; or your father, prudently, that the family purse is not full enough; or your mother, regretfully, that you are needed at home; or possibly the exigency is even greater, and you must begin to earn your own living. Though your friend may assure you that no other girl will ever come between her and you, you already feel that something is coming in to separate you more widely than distance or absence. You are right and she is wrong. But what I wish to say to you is, that you and not she will be responsible for this growing away from each other. Friendship, for permanence, depends largely upon common interest. She will return to you in six months or a year, perhaps, and will talk of marvellous things that the microscope or the telescope has revealed to her, or of a new world of art, poetry and romance that has been opened by a study of Murillo or Wordsworth or Shakespeare. If she finds that you listen with scant courtesy, to respond irrelevantly with, "Oh, but did you hear that Annie B—— was the belle of Newport last summer?" you will indeed soon cease to be intimate friends. But what if you should surprise her by telling her something on these very themes that she had not found out? Now that you can pursue a subject better at home, where, I take it for granted, your life is not to be one of happy options, but you may have the advantage of having chosen one subject, while she is distracted with five; and to know one subject in a masterful way will remove you forever from the ranks of uninteresting or uneducated people, and banish the fear of feeling awkward or commonplace in the presence of the most cultivated.

But, possibly, the question of what you shall study presents itself with the bewilderment of the Hampton Court maze. Decide first whether you affect scientific or literary pursuits. Which gives you more delight, a curiously-marked butterfly or blossom, or an exquisite line of Tennyson? Are you more at home in the world of fact or fancy? If you decide in favor of a scientific pursuit, and live near the seashore, the tide will daily lay at your feet more truths than you can exhaust in years of study. If you live inland, the weeds that vex your garden may become an equal source of pleasure and profit. One of Beck's student microscopes, to be obtained in any city for about twenty dollars, or, if you cannot afford that, an ordinary magnifying glass, with less than half a dozen books, like Wood's "Common Objects for the Microscope," Beale's "How to work with the Microscope and its Revelations," will furnish a sufficient equipment. If few books are possible, one scientific journal, like the "American Monthly Microscopical Journal" or "The Naturalist," would prove a fairly good scientific teacher for an investigating mind.

But possibly literature has more attraction to you, and you have neither public nor private library. In a day when five dollars can be exchanged for a fairly good assortment of the best authors—I saw such a one not a week ago in the Cassell's National Library Series, edited by Henry Morley—the want of books need not defeat your desire. Begin with some author or period about which you know something, and wish to know more. I have learned to know recently a young dressmaker, in her early twenties, who longs to go to college and is denied. She is beginning a five years' course in literature. She has not time for anything so varied as the excellent Chautauqua Course, but she is finding time to study one play of Shakespeare each month, besides giving herself a course of reading in the history of American literature. Do you suppose life to her will mean only the fit of a sleeve or the adjustment of a train, even though she gives five days of the week to their consideration? If you have a predilection for history, take any famous character or epoch which seems to you remunerative, and let it lead you, just as a well-built road in an actual journey would do, either forward or back, as your interest or ignorance demands; for instance, the character of Elizabeth or the epoch of the Puritans, in history; or, in literature, Arthur and the Round Table, or Sir Walter Scott. Any of these would be representative, and would not fail to cause you to make good connections with previous and subsequent periods.

I do not propose that you become simply intelligent upon the subject you choose, but that you fill yourself full of it. Studying by yourself will give you the supreme advantage of original expression of your thoughts; and if, with persistent patience and enthusiastic courage, you carry out this plan, you will, through your sympathy and effort, become more truly a college-trained woman than some thoughtless girl who has been sent rather than has gone to college, and whose poverty of endeavor has so disgraced her academic career that she has no moral right to the degree that she legally holds.—*Christian Union.*

BAD COMPANY.

The crows, one spring, began to pull up a farmer's young corn, which he determined to prevent. He loaded his gun, and prepared to give them a warm reception. The farmer had a sociable parrot, who, discovering the crows pulling up the corn, flew over and joined them. The farmer detected the crows, but did not see the parrot. He fired among them, and hastened to see what execution he had done. There lay three dead crows, and his pet parrot with ruffled feathers and a broken leg. When the bird was taken home the children asked: "What did it, papa? Who hurt our pretty Poll?" "Bad company!" answered the parrot in a solemn voice. "Ay! that it was," said the farmer. "Poll was with those wicked crows when I fired, and received a shot intended for them. Remember the parrot's fate, children. Beware of bad company." The farmer, with the aid of his wife, bandaged the broken leg, and in a few weeks the parrot was as lively as ever. But it never forgot its adventure in the cornfield; and if ever the farmer's children engaged in play with quarrelsome companions, it invariably dispersed them with the cry, "Bad company! Bad company!"

THE CAPTAIN of a steamer on the lower Niger told Mr. Roe of Lagos, that, in every trip he has taken during the past two years his boat has been boarded by the natives at Aghberi, to ask: "Is the man who talks about God on board? When is he coming? If he will come and teach us to know the white man's book, then we build him house and school, and give him chop—plenty." Mr. Roe, for want of helpers, can neither go nor send; but the Roman Catholics, having heard of this open door, are preparing to enter at once.

A WINTER GARDEN.

BY AMANDA B. HARRIS.

On a certain winter day not very long ago my comrade and I began to make preparations for a series of lovely experiments. What they were to be you might not guess in a dozen times trying. We had long been meaning to do it, and saying that we certainly would; and with that intent had brought home at one time and another bushes, boughs, branches, twigs, osiers, brambles, enough to have made a good-sized bonfire, and more than enough to keep the rooms in what housekeepers call "a clutter."

Horse-chestnut (reduced.)

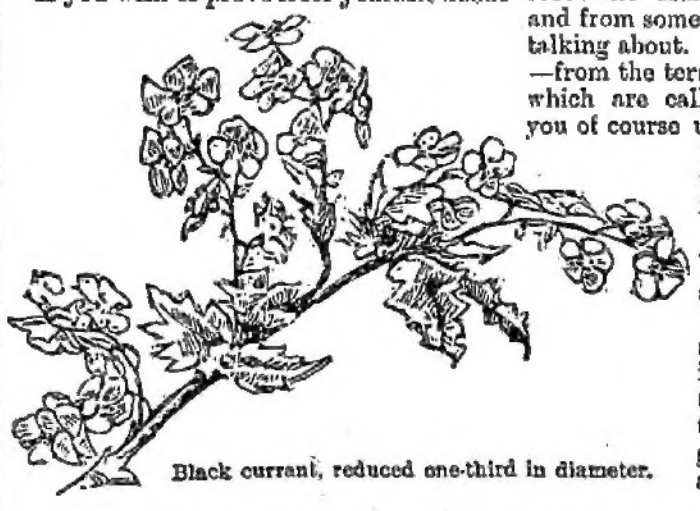
They were all leafless things, you understand, which we collected after cold weather came on, and all along through the winter as we had opportunity. Sometimes they were dry tips of something that stuck up through the snow, or that we could get hold of by venturing on a drift or walking along the top of a stone wall. And if we happened to be snowed in, we had recourse to the trees and shrubs by the side of our own garden fence. In that way we would get together a nondescript variety; if only vigorously alive it was all we asked for; and even that we could not always tell without scraping up a bit of the bark, so dry and dead did they look.

Not to make a mystery of it, let me say at once that our "craze" just then was the study of buds—we always had something. Examine the complete drawings the artist has made from actual specimens, butternut, sumach, horse-chestnut, and other familiar things, and see if they are not fascinating. Then try for yourself, as we did, to coax such as these into leafage, some of them into bloom and you will find great pleasure, as we did, in a winter-garden.

You cannot come to a knowledge of all these wonders without some help to your natural eye; but a cheap little microscope will admit you right into fairyland. You can have no idea of the variety, nor of the extreme delicacy, richness and beauty until you have put them to the magnifying test. After you have done so, you will not think me extravagant in my admiration; you will be surprised at the finish of even the minutest parts; and the luxuriance displayed in some of the buds as they unfold will make you think of a garden of the tropics.

We wished first to examine the buds themselves, and see what relation they bore towards the future development when woods were green; then we were anxious to know what would happen under a process of indoor treatment. Many of them—probably most—would gradually swell, open, and expand into leaf; a few, perhaps, would blossom; at any rate we hoped so, and thought it worth while to try. We had once done so with the common lilac, and been rewarded with a pale thin spray of flowers right in the depth of winter: and that is a time, I hardly need say, when one can appreciate flowers. In summer life is so full and abundant that you hardly mind one bunch of bloom.

If you wish to prove it for yourself about the lilac, nothing is easier, but be sure you select the right kind of branch, for right ones there are. You would not, of course, think of taking a new shoot, for you will remember that you never saw a blossom on one of those, but towards the end of the older branches. But even knowing so much you may make a mistake that will be fatal unless you understand that it is of no use to try with a branch which has been allowed to go to seed. Those buds contain leaves only; next year there will be flowers there, but not this. Persons who want a full bloom on their lilac bushes every year, look out to break off the flowers.



Black currant, reduced one-third in diameter.

Take, then, one of the two-forked branches (you will know them at once) with those strong buds in pairs at the end; put it in warm water, which you will have to change several times a day, and keep it where it will not get chilled: set in the sunshine when there is any—nothing is so good for flowers, with a few exceptional cases, or for children, as plenty of sunshine—and in a few weeks you will have a bit of May bloom to brighten your room. Encouraged by this you will try other things.

Greater wonders than those wrought by Aladdin's lamp are taking place right in your own dooryard. No tale of genii is more marvellous than this; and this is true. You can watch the process of growth after the enveloping scales have opened and fallen back. That important inmost part develops more and more, assuming a pyramidal form, and coming out farther, so that soon the flower stem appears. After that it is simply a matter of progress and expansion; but the mystery of its beginning, color and shape, is mystery still. Yet, in the words of a great botanist, though we cannot tell what life is," we can "notice some thing which it does."

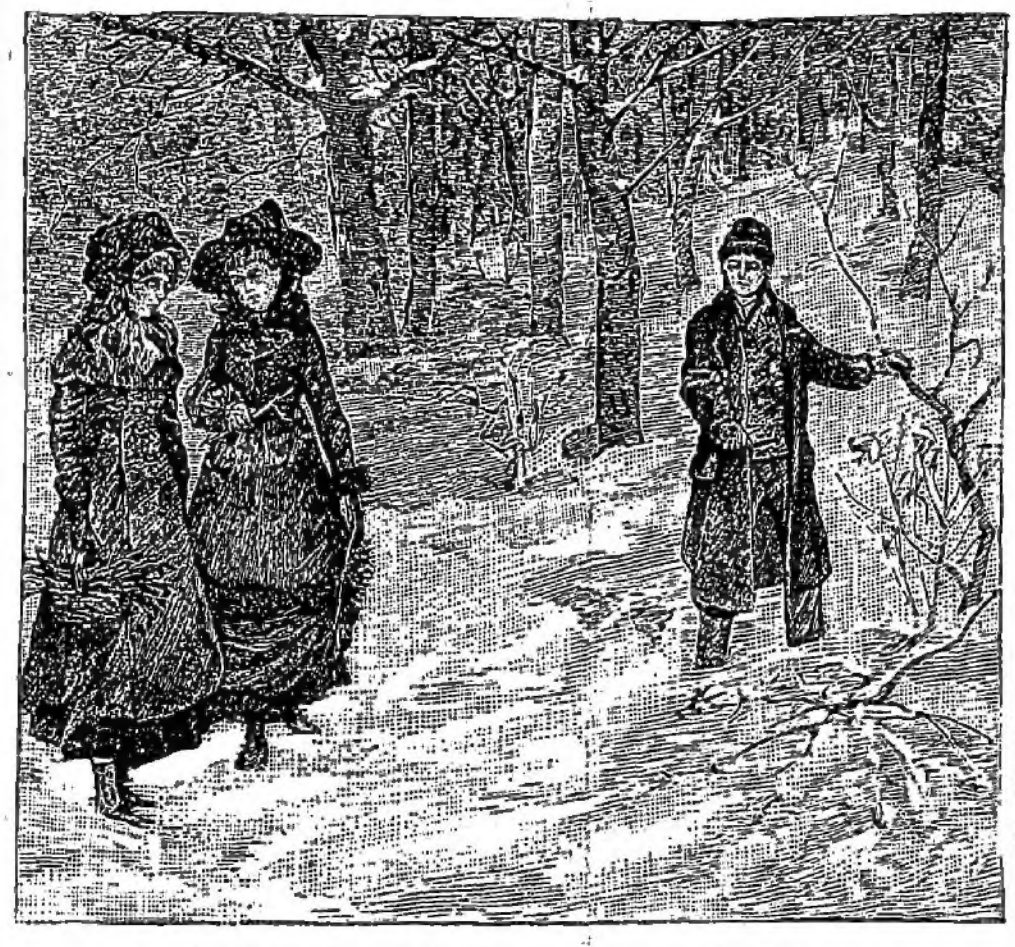
One of the laws of nature is, that before the leaves have dropped from the trees in autumn, those for the next year (including the branches which are to grow in one season) are provided for. All branches and shoots were once buds, you know. The stem, or trunk of a tree grows out of the root: the branches grow from the stem, and from some of just such buds as we are talking about. There are two special ways—from the terminal buds, and from those which are called axillary. The first, as you of course understand, is at the end of the stem, which pushes right along by means of it from year to year.

The second word seems to belong more strictly to the science of anatomy, for "axil" means the arm-pit: so the axillary buds are those in the angle at the base of the leaves. You can see them before the summer is gone, for they are ready and biding their time; and though they do not exactly crowd the leaves off, they speedily take the vacant places; it is just as it is in human life: "The king is dead. Long live the king!"

The nourishment which they will need by-and-by is ready in the bark and elsewhere, for unseen forces have been all summer as busy as ants storing up food; besides this, there is power in all vigorous plants to absorb air, moisture, and warmth. The growth of a tree is a continued story, and just as the buds began in the first place they keep on from year to year; if they stop, there will be death.

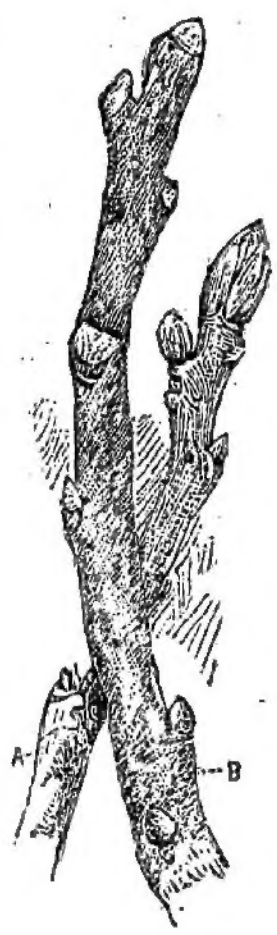
There is another thing: more buds are provided than there is any present use for. Professor Gray says it "never happens" that they all grow; "If they did, there would be as many branches in any year as there were leaves the year before." Imagine the crowding and tangling if that could happen! But what becomes of the surplus buds? To answer the question fully would take us into a study of structure which there is not time for now; botany will tell you all about it. Enough now to say that some always remain undeveloped, and show as small bunchy places on the bark: some, after years of stagnation, start out and put forth a feeble, stripling bough on their own account; others (they have the significant name of "latent") survive for years without growing, and when other branches happen to be killed, "these come out to supply their place."

There is, however, one class of trees, such as the pines and spruces, where the loss of a member is not made up: and if you break off a branch it will be in vain for you to expect another. The tree will



"All along through the winter as we had opportunity."

But flowers forced in this manner have no fragrance that I am aware of, nor color; even the lilacs were pallid and scentless, though like all the rest under treatment they had an almost ethereal beauty, and lasted a long time.



A. butternut; B. sumach reduced one third in diameter.

It is one of the beautiful wonders about magnifying the contents of buds that they show so crisp, shining, moist and fresh; you feel that you are seeing into the very heart of things, into life itself, or the source and home of life; no words can set forth to one who has not tried the experiment, the newness and dewiness and glister there is about the formless germ away in there so deep; it makes one think that the great pervading power, light, had been transfused, and held in those cells where light cannot be supposed to reach—and why not? Why should they not be moist and fresh and clear, when they assimilate in their being light and juices that penetrate and circulate as the life blood is felt along one's veins?

The sumach and horse-chestnut display the same palmated forms, and have the vivid hue like green fire; and each is a type of a distinct class of buds. Take for experiment the "stag-horn sumach" which every child is familiar with, such as you see herding, as one might say, in some waste place, which it covers with the great antlers from which it has its name. Who does not know it, and those immense drupes of seed-heads with the crimson plush coating the berries of pleasant acid, and the handsome, pinnated leaves which turn to such glorious dyes in autumn, as if a whole hillside was one blaze of banners in vermilion and gold?

It has not a nice stem at all, but is merely a rough stick, with a mealy pith inside of a little bark, that in its turn has a covering like the hide of an animal, along which, at short intervals, are shaggy tufts, marking the spots where the buds are. These unsightly things probably serve for protection also, though the bud is bedded in a little socket down in the wood—you literally dig to find it.

On the other hand, the buds of the mountain ash, and the horse-chestnut are wholly outside, and very prominently so, made up into pointed packages thickly coated with gum that is like tar, or black glue, or the daubiest and dingiest of varnish.

A branch of horse-chestnut is something that one can readily obtain in winter, and there are certain reasons why it is a singularly interesting study. We kept a succession of these on hand, operating on them, dissecting them, and watching to see what they would do. In the first place we took to pieces one of the small buds such as may be seen along the stem, and found its contents to be wool, in a compact bundle, which as it was handled gradually expanded into quite a little fleece—birds would not need to have a chance at many such to get together the lining for a nest.

There is a vast deal of wool, cotton, floss, silk, linen, hemp, and unnamed textiles stored up in buds and seed-pods, so that no man need ever ask the question, where the birds find so much soft, warm material, not to mention all the insect-webs and cocoons.

It is worth one's while to collect a variety of specimens, and then watch the peculiar changes and the different leaf formations, and see what analogy there is between

them and the general structure of the tree, if any; observing closely, and then acquiring the technical knowledge, and learning certain botanical laws.

The oak buds seem at first to offer no temptations, they are so obscure, dun and hard; but if you inspect them, you will perceive that they actually have a semblance to the acorn shape and color; great possibilities are theirs, and the secret they so zealously keep is to be partially made known to one who will wait.

Ah, one who lived always in the greenwood might well believe in those gentle deities whom the old singers used to fancy as dwelling there. It is a place where miracles are wrought, and the most wondrous and mystic is that by which a dry branch is transformed into green leafage. Something of it you can, if you choose, bring right into your own daily life, and have in your home in midwinter, a bit of the spring-time.—*From Amanda B. Harris in Wide Awake.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON XIII.—MARCH 25.

REVIEW.—MISSIONS.—TEMPERANCE.

[REVIEW AND MISSIONS.—Psalms 2 : 1-12.]

The Review may easily have a missionary application; therefore these two, as selected by the committee, are here united.

GOLDEN TEXT.

To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my father in his throne.—Rev. 3 : 21.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Jesus Christ is able to overcome all opposition to his kingdom and his people.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Matt. 14 : 1-36.
T. Matt. 15 : 1-31.
W. Matt. 16 : 13-28 ; 17 : 1-13.
Th. Matt. 18 : 1-35.
F. Matt. 19 : 1-26.
Sa. Matt. 20 : 1-29.
Su. Matt. 21 : 1-46.

SUBJECT: OPPOSITION TO THE KINGDOM OVERCOME.

QUESTIONS.

I. THE OPPOSITION (Ps. 2 : 1-3).—How was Herod opposed to Christ? (Less. 1.) What did this lead Jesus to do? What cases of hunger and need did Jesus meet? (Less. 2.) What natural forces threatened the disciples? (Less. 3.) What diseases were to be cured? (Less. 2, 3.) What is said of offences? (Less. 7.) How did worldliness oppose? (Less. 9.) What ambitions and evils among the disciples? (Less. 10, 11.) What opposition from those who should have helped? (Less. 12.)

APPLICATION TO MISSIONS.—What are some of the oppositions which the gospel must overcome? What difficulty in the poverty and needs of the heathen? What from leaders? What from sins and social customs? From selfishness? From persecution? From worldliness in the church? What is the greatest obstacle of all?

II. THE POWER OF CHRIST TO OVERCOME (Ps. 2 : 4-6).—What courage and faithfulness is shown in Less. 1? How did Jesus supply the needs of man? (Less. 2.) How show his control over the powers of nature? (Less. 3.) How overcome disease and the fruits of sin? (Less. 2, 4.) How did he find the lost sheep? (Less. 7.) How does he overcome worldliness? (Less. 9.) How did Jesus show his power over evil men? (Less. 11.) Over evil deeds? (Less. 11). What is said of those who oppose him in Less. 12?

APPLICATION TO MISSIONS.—Has Jesus power to overcome all the opposition to the gospel? How have missions developed the martyr spirit? How has Christ's power been shown in the history of missions? Is there any kind of difficulty or opposition which has not been in fact overcome in the missionary work? How have missions helped to overcome worldliness in the church?

III. THE MEANS BY WHICH HE OVERCOMES (Ps. 2 : 7-9).—What were the disciples to do to this end? (Less. 5.) What part in the victory has Jesus' own sufferings? (Less. 5, 6, 10.) What part have the children and the childlike spirit? (Less. 7.) What is done by forgiveness? (Less. 8.) By choice? (Less. 9.) By devoted service? (Less. 10.) By numbers? (Less. 11.) By privileges conferred? (Less. 12.)

APPLICATION TO MISSIONS.—What are the means by which Jesus is to overcome the world? What part in this work has the atonement? The martyr spirit? The spirit of obedience? The desire to serve? The example of Christ? Consecration? The children? The blessings and opportunities we enjoy?

IV.—FOREGLEAMS OF TRIUMPH (Ps. 2 : 10-12).—How did Jesus show his disciples his power and glory? (Less. 6.) How would this prefigure their success? What foregleam of the future was shown as an object lesson? (Less. 11.)

APPLICATION TO MISSIONS.—Has Christ's glory been shown in the missionary work? What has been the success of missions? What good have they done in the church at home? Has Christ's coming in triumph been in any degree fulfilled?

LESSON I.—APRIL 1.

THE MARRIAGE FEAST.—MATT. 22 : 1-14.

COMMIT VERSES 11-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb.—Rev. 19 : 9.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

All are welcome to the gospel feast.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Matt. 22 : 1-14.
T. Luke 11 : 12-35.
W. John 6 : 35-58.
Th. Isa. 61 : 1-11.
F. Rev. 20 : 1-15.
Sa. Rev. 21 : 22-27.
Su. Matt. 7 : 13-29.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

2. *Certain king:* God. *Marriage:* marriage feast, expressing the joyousness and abundance of the Gospel. *His son:* Jesus, wedded to his bride, the Church, whom he loves. 3. *His servants:* John the Baptist, the seventy disciples, the twelve. *Call them that were bidden:* they had been invited before. 4. *Other servants:* the apostles, and all those who preached the Gospel after the resurrection. 7. *Sent his armies:* the Roman army who destroyed *their city:* Jerusalem, forty years after this. It also means conscience, memory, and all the power of nature, which will destroy sinners. 10. *Bad and good:* but the bad to *make* them good. We come just as we are; we must not remain so. 11. *Wedding garments:* a beautiful outer robe to be thrown over the other dress, and sent with the invitation. It signifies that we must be prepared in order to enter the kingdom of heaven, and in the way God commands. 12. *Speechless:* he had no excuse, and therefore could say nothing. 13. *Outer darkness:* it is all dark away from God. *Gnashing of teeth:* in rage and pain.

SUBJECT: GOD'S WELCOMES AND MAN'S REFUSALS.

QUESTIONS.

I. THE GOSPEL FEAST (vs. 1, 2).—What is the kingdom of heaven? What is it like? Who is represented by the king? by the son? What by the marriage feast? In what respects is the Gospel like a feast?

II. THE INVITATION AND WELCOME (vs. 3, 4).—Who are meant by those who invited the guests? Who are invited? Who are now to carry the invitation? Had the people been invited before? Why does Jesus invite men so many times to come? What is meant by all things being now ready? (John 3 : 14, 15; 1 Pet. 2 : 24; John 14 : 16.) In what ways does God invite us to come?

III. THE INVITATION REFUSED (vs. 5-7).—What two classes refused? How do men now make light of the Gospel? Why do people neglect the Gospel? How was the Gospel violently opposed by the Jews? Why do some men now so bitterly oppose it? (Rom. 8 : 7; Matt. 15 : 19; Luke 19 : 14.) How is neglect of the gospel an insult to God? How were the Jews punished? by what armies? Was this merciful as well as just? What will be done to those who now reject Jesus Christ? (Matt. 25 : 46; John 3 : 18; Prov. 1 : 24-31.)

THE INVITATION ACCEPTED (vs. 8-10).—Who were next invited? Does this refer to the calling of the Gentiles? (Acts 13 : 46, 47.) What does this refer to in our day? Why were the "bad" invited? Will they remain bad if they come? Are we to go out into the highways and hedges to invite men to Christ?

V. THE MAN WITHOUT A WEDDING GARMENT (vs. 11-14).—Relate in your own words the closing scene of this parable. What custom of the East does the wedding garment refer to? What was the harm in not wearing it? What does this signify as to the Gospel feast? (Matt. 5 : 20; Heb. 12 : 14.) Is any one shut out who is willing to comply with the necessary conditions? Will any one who has heard of Christ have a good excuse for rejecting him? What will become of those who are unwilling to believe and obey? (Rev. 21 : 27.) The meaning of v. 11?

LESSON CALENDAR.

(First Quarter, 1888.)

1. Jan. 1.—Herod and John the Baptist.—Matt. 14 : 1-12.
2. Jan. 8.—The Multitude Fed.—Matt. 14 : 13-21.
3. Jan. 15.—Jesus walking on the Sea.—Matt 14 : 22-36.
4. Jan. 22.—Jesus and the Afflicted. Matt.—15 : 21-31.
5. Jan. 29.—Peter confessing Christ.—Matt. 16 : 13-28.
6. Feb. 5.—The Transfiguration.—Matt. 17 : 1-13.
7. Feb. 12.—Jesus and the Little Ones.—Matt. 18 : 1-14.
8. Feb. 19.—A Lesson on Forgiveness.—Matt. 18 : 21-35.
9. Feb. 26.—The Rich Young Ruler.—Matt. 19 : 16-26.
10. March 4.—Christ's Last Journey to Jerusalem.—Matt. 20 : 17-29.
11. March 11.—Christ entering Jerusalem.—Matt. 21 : 1-16.
12. March 18.—The Son Rejected.—Matt. 21 : 33-46.
13. **March 25.—Review, Temperance, Gal. 5 : 16-26, and Missions.**

(Second Quarter, 1888.)

1. **April 1.—The Marriage Feast.—Matt. 22 : 1-14.**
2. Apr. 8.—Christ's Last Warning.—Matt. 23 : 27-39.
3. Apr. 15.—Christian Watchfulness.—Matt. 24 : 42-51.
4. Apr. 22.—The Ten Virgins.—Matt. 25 : 1-13.
5. Apr. 29.—The Talents.—Matt. 25 : 14 : 30.
6. May 6.—The Judgment.—Matt. 25 : 31-46.
7. May 13.—The Lord's Supper.—Matt. 26 : 17-30.
8. May 20.—Jesus in Gethsemane.—Matt. 26 : 36-46.
9. May 27.—Peter's Denial.—Matt. 26 : 67-75.
10. June 3.—Jesus Crucified.—Matt. 27 : 33 : 50.
11. June 10.—Jesus Risen.—Matt. 28 : 1-15.
12. June 17.—The Great Commission.—Matt. 28 : 16-20.
13. Review, Temperance.—1 Cor. 8 : 1-13, and Missions.

TEMPERANCE ARITHMETIC.

Please work out this problem and think it over:—

1. There are 175,000 saloons in the United States, and 164,000 public schools; how many more saloons than schools?

2. The United States pays $80,000,000 for the support of our public schools, and $1,484,000,000 for the support of its saloons; how much more do the saloons cost than the schools?

IT IS RECORDED of a Chinese emperor that, on being apprised of his enemies having raised an insurrection in one of the distant provinces, he said to his officers, "Come, follow me, and we will quickly destroy them." He marched forward, and the rebels submitted upon his approach. All now thought that he would take the most signal revenge, but were surprised to see the captives treated with mildness and humanity. "What!" cried the first minister, "is this the manner in which you fulfill your promise? Your royal word was given that your enemies should be destroyed, and, behold you have pardoned them all, and even caressed some of them." "I promised," replied the emperor with a generous air, "to destroy my enemies. I have fulfilled my word; for, see, they are enemies no longer. I have made friends of them."

Question Corner.—No. 5.

PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

15. Name two cities, one mentioned in the Old Testament and one in the New, each of which contained one of the seven wonders of the world?

16. Of what four great empires did Daniel predict a history which has been fulfilled?

17. What seemingly improbable prophecy uttered by Christ was wholly realized less than forty years afterwards?

18. Where were the Israelites camping when Balaam was sent for to curse them?

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